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Ex-Gov. Perry's Reminiscences of Public Men.

Andrew P. Butler.

I knew Judge Butler intimately for many years, and had a very strong friendship and high regard for him. When he was elected to the United States Senate, I took a very active part in the canvass for him. The contest between him and Governor Hammond was a very close one. In exerting my influence as a member of the Legislature to secure his election, I was actuated by various motives. My personal friendship for the Judge was perhaps the first and the strongest. I thought he had talents which would distinguish him in the Senate, and that he would there do great honor to the State. I had the greatest confidence in his patriotism and integrity, and I did not think his manners, habits, learning or talents, suited to the bench. He was impetuous and sour on the bench, without knowing it. He was not a very learned or profound lawyer. In many cases where his judgment was at fault, he was inclined to throw the responsibility of deciding the case on the jury. He was so impatient in the trial of a case, and so fond of cutting his wit and making sport of everything that occurred, that a lawyer felt unpleasant in trying before him a long and complicated case.

Judge Butler was a man of high intellect and noble nature, just and honorable. He was cordial and affectionate in his disposition, but excessively fond of telling anecdotes and making sport of his best friends. He loved humor and fun dearly. In debates, when excited, he was eloquent. At other times, when warmed by the subject, or inspired by the occasion, he was dull and awkward. In speaking, he was fond of making classical allusions, and referring, for illustration, to the histories of Rome and Greece, which he had studied well.

Judge Butler was the son of Gen. William Butler, a gallant officer of the Revolutionary army, and afterwards a member of Congress for many years. He was finally beaten for Congress by John C. Calhoun. Judge Butler graduated at the South Carolina College, and, after reading law, was admitted to the bar. He used to tell an amusing story of his going to Orangeburg to establish himself as a lawyer, immediately after his admission to the bar. Whilst at the hotel, he told the servant who was attending to his room, to bring something to make his fire burn. In a short time the negro boy returned with several small pieces of plank, which looked very suspicious and strange to the Judge. He enquired of the boy where he had got this kindling for the fire. With perfect innocence and frankness he replied: "Out here at the graveyard." "What?" said the Judge, "robbing the dead to kindle a fire?" Take every one of those pieces back, you rascal, and place them where you got them!" They were little pieces of plank which had been put up at the head and foot of graves. The Judge concluded it was no place for him to settle, where they had so little reverence and respect for their dead. He returned to Edgefield, and there commenced his professional career.

He was employed in a case of slander for the defence. This was his first case. The defendant came to him and told him that the plaintiff was a mean fellow, and a great rascal, and he wanted him severely handled in the argument. The Judge said he accordingly exhausted all his powers of abuse on the plaintiff, and had no doubt that he had increased the verdict against his client a thousand dollars by his unwarrantable abuse; but so much pleased was the defendant with his speech, that he took the Judge to a jeweller's shop and made him a present of a gold watch as a fee in the case. In the Legislature, the Judge spoke very often without preparation, and, on one occasion, was not altogether accurate in his quotation of one of the Ten Commandments. Thereupon, old Sam. Dickson, a member from Pendleton, who was a great wit, and always drunk, undertook to correct him in his quotation, and said as his young friend did not seem to be familiar with the Commandments, he would repeat them for his benefit. The galleries were filled with ladies. The old member went on repeating them, with great emphasis and long pauses, till he came to the seventh; after repeating it, he stopped, and remarked that he hoped his young friend would never forget that one.

In repartee, the Judge was always happy and severe. On one occasion, in the trial of a case at Anderson, Peter Vandiver, a young lawyer, said to the Judge that he differed with him in opinion as to the admissibility of the proposed testimony. The Judge replied, that might be, but that his opinion in the ruling was worth something, and Mr. Vandiver's was not. I witnessed a passage at arms, once, between the Judge, who lived at Edgefield, and the Hon. A. Burt, who resided at Abbeville, in reference to the comparative morals and temperance of the two districts. The Judge said he had seen more drunkenness at the last Court at Abbeville than he ever saw at Edgefield. "But there is this difference," said Mr. Burt, "at Edgefield you see gentlemen drunk, which you never see at Abbeville." The Judge replied that he did not know there were any gentlemen at Abbeville to get drunk.

In a very short time after Judge Butler took his seat in the United States Senate, he gave that body a specimen of his wit and humor, at the expense of a Senator from Tennessee, which convulsed the gravity and dignity of the Senators very much. The member had made some assaults on Mr. Calhoun, and the Judge replied with a comparison of the Senator most supremely ridiculous, but which I cannot now undertake to repeat. The Judge very soon took a high position in the Senate, as a public speaker, and was greatly esteemed by his co-peers in that body, then illustrious for its talent, eloquence and patriotism.

The social qualities of Judge Butler were very extraordinary, and as a boon companion, he could not be surpassed. He always kept the company merry and amused at his wit and humor, pleasant stories and laughable anecdotes. He had a great many warm, personal friends, who always supported him, though differing with him in politics. He was a Whig, when elected to the Senate by a Legislature entirely Democratic. Judge Butler, though a Nullifier in 1832, was opposed to secession in 1860, and took the stump in favor of co-operation, which was, in fact, a Union party in disguise, for there was no hope of the other States co-operating at that time in any movement against the Union.

An irresponsible fellow says of a designing spinster that she is like an army quartermaster, because it is a part of her occupation to advertise for "proposals."

A crazy man having got into the gallery of the Senate of the United States during a rambling debate, was taken out by the Sergeant-at-arms, who told him he was "out of place in the gallery." "That's so," said the lunatic, "I ought to be on the floor with the Senators."

Men are said to be the cause of all the extravagance in women's dress, and when they cease to pay court to silks, velvet, paniers, frills, chignons and furbelows, the women will go over to calico dresses in battalions.

What Does it Mean?

A rumor has obtained among our railroad magnates to the effect that this is the true use of the "syndicate" (we believe that the true use of the Secretary of the United States Treasury, Mr. Boutwell's, word for money ring) has purchased a controlling interest in the South Carolina Railroad (Augusta and Charleston) Company. This rumor, which has been whispered or given in "strict confidence" for a week past, now comes to us in such an authentic shape that we can no longer discredit it. The details are no longer wanting. The head or chief of the syndicate is named—the well-known banker and ship-owner, Moses Taylor, of New York city. The interest purchased is specified—one million of dollars. The price paid for the stock is given—the price current, or thirty dollars per share. The associates, some of the leading capitalists of New York city, all of whom are directly or indirectly in the coastwise trade by steamships, are given. The amount of details are such as to set aside every objection as to probability, and warrant all confidence as to the truthfulness of the transaction.

Now we ask what does this mean? Here is a combination of strong and sagacious men and merchants. Mr. Moses Taylor, the chief of the "syndicate," is a large ship owner, but at the same time is reported to hold a very large interest in the Georgia Central Railroad Company—owning, we are told, more than one million of dollars in the bonds and stock, and largely interested in the steamships connected with that line. The Central Road and the South Carolina Road are rival lines, having rival outlets at rival ports—Savannah and Charleston. The mere suggestion of a money speculation is insufficient for the solution of this move of Mr. Moses Taylor and his syndicate. The purchase of the stock in the South Carolina Railroad is doubtless just such a speculation as would command an investment by capitalists, but it is such a speculation, under ordinary circumstances, as would involve, to make it profitable, a fierce rivalry with contending lines; and not a speculation which would call for the fusion of railroad interests with large outlays of money. In our opinion we must look for a satisfactory solution in other motives and in other designs. These we are led to believe lie in the antagonism which exists between New York on the one hand and Baltimore and Philadelphia on the other.

The great objective point of the great commercial centres of the North are Southern trade, and the command of the Southern Pacific Railroad. It is well known to our people that the "syndicate," known as the Pennsylvania Central, has been active and sagacious in their investments in Southern roads, and it is equally well known that this "syndicate" looks wholly to the interests of Baltimore and Philadelphia. This "syndicate" controls railroad lines, cheaply purchased and economically worked in Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Alabama. They are building an Air Line from Charlotte, North Carolina, to Atlanta, Georgia. Very recently this company has purchased a controlling interest in the Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Road, and now run the cars through from Richmond and Norfolk to the city of Augusta.

Again, we learn that the Pennsylvania Central syndicate has endorsed the bonds of Mahone's consolidated roads, extending from Norfolk to Bristol, Tennessee, that these may extend their connections to the Mississippi River, and ultimately to the Pacific Ocean, and that London and New York capitalists are to advance the funds required for the purpose. Whether Mahone proposes to reach the West solely through Louisville or St. Louis, or will scale the Cumberland range, making Maney's Central or the Memphis and Charleston Roads parts of his line, is not yet known. In any event, Mahone is to have an abundance of money. Scott, of the Pennsylvania Central, having paid \$1,000,000 for 10,000 shares—a controlling interest—in East Tennessee roads, and having furnished Mahone, it is alleged, with facilities for money-getting, it is probable that the latter, in conjunction with Scott, will seek a route to the Mississippi, either over Scranton's Chattanooga, Meridian and Vicksburg route, or over the Memphis and Charleston Road to Memphis.

Here we think we find the key to the true solution. Baltimore and Philadelphia combine through Norfolk, New York, cut off by unfriendly lines, from the inland routes, combine with Savannah and Charleston, and in this combination will include the direct friendly interests of connecting lines, as common to both lines, from Opelika, Alabama, to Marshall, Texas.

Of this much we feel assured. New York, cut off by the superior energy of Baltimore and Philadelphia, does not now intend to set idly by and suffer the trade of this vast region to be diverted without a struggle. In all events we are certain that this struggle for the trade of the most fertile area of the Cotton Belt, will not be without attending benefits in developing the South.—Augusta Chronicle and Sentinel.

DEATH OF EX-GOV. BRAGG, OF NORTH CAROLINA.—Hon. Thomas Bragg, Ex-Governor of North Carolina, died in Raleigh on the 21st ult., in the 62nd year of his age. He was born in Warren County, North Carolina, November 10, 1810, and had been prominent in public life from early manhood. He was a brother of Gen. Braxton Bragg, of Louisiana, and during the war served as Attorney-General in the Confederate Cabinet.

The Raleigh Carolinian, in alluding to his decease, says: "The Executive, Judiciary, Senate and House of Representatives, members of the Bar, Clerks of Departments, and citizens, arranged themselves under the inspiration of their respect for the noble dead, and their action was the simple tribute of a sorrowing people for a lamented fellow-citizen. Thus has passed away one of North Carolina's noblest sons, a gentleman, professional and official life. He had occupied the first places within the gift of his people, and he had filled them all to the credit of himself and with honor to his State and people. He sprang from the people, was peculiarly of the people. He had stood by them in the preservation and defence of their rights and liberties from the earliest dawn of his manhood, and he was most appropriately their idol, for he was emphatically their friend. But words are inexpressive of the merits of a man like Thomas Bragg, and we leave it to the entire people of North Carolina, whose hero, statesman and friend he was, to enshrine his memory within their hearts, and living in their lives the example that made his great, render like tribute to the virtues and abilities of this great and good man now gone from us."

Mrs. Partington entered the office of the Probate Judge (called "Civilians") and inquired for her blindest town, "Are you the civil in-lain?" "Do you wish to insult me, madam?" said the Judge. "Yes," replied the amiable old lady; "my brother died detested, and left three infidel children, and I'm to be their executor; so I want to insult the civil villain about it."

George H. Pendleton on the Political Situation.

Hon. George H. Pendleton has recently written a letter to the state of the parties and their possible future movements, that is attracting much attention. We annex an extract, which will read with interest:

Two great dangers imperil free institutions under the policy of the party now in power. The spirit of centralized military government attacks everywhere the constitution, and corruption in office destroys the civil administration. I do not speak merely of chiefly special defalcations, however startling, but of the general degradation of the standard of official integrity until the offices in both the civil and military service seem to be considered the property of the party, to be dispensed and administered primarily for party aggrandizement or personal profit. These dangers grow out of and are inseparable from the present organization of the Republican party. Its foundation, its philosophy, its history, and its leaders recognize military power and the corrupting use of money by official patronage as legitimate forces in ordinary civil administration, and now more than ever are they brought into active exercise. The Democratic party confronts this theory and denounces these practices.

Founded upon the idea of local government, jealous of powers granted to authority, taught that simplicity and economy are essential to the honesty necessary in Republican institutions, it maintains with more determined purpose that the military must be subordinate to the civil authority, and that offices are a trust for the people, not spoils for the victors.

Its powerful organization enters every village in the land, and numbers among its adherents nearly one-half the people—less intellectual, as pure, as patriotic, as unselfish as any of their fellow-citizens. They are too numerous to be cowardly. They are too patriotic to be lukewarm. They are too sincere in their purpose and convictions to be driven to despondency by ten years of reverses. They have shown constancy in defeat as well as wisdom in victory. If I understand their feelings they will neither disband their organizations nor flee the field before the contest commences. Either course, they believe, would give undisputed sway to the present administration, which could then give undivided attention to the deserters of its ranks.

An advancing army, with the enemy either dispersed or in flight, never loses divisions or regiments, or even companies, and is generally able to pick off or to pick up treacherous or thoughtless stragglers.

If there be, as is claimed, many members of the Republican party who disapprove the ideas which dominate the administration of President Grant, and are prepared to oppose his reelection, they should declare their purposes, organize their party, develop and manifest their strength, and, if I may predict the future, they will have no just cause, even the most sensitive and timid among them, for refusing to co-operate with the Democratic party. When its authorized convention shall speak it will remind its adherents that the ultimate and highest purpose of its existence is to secure the greatest prosperity, in its best sense, of every human being in the land; that principles of government are true or untrue, as they contribute to this result; that parties and politics and officers are of different application, and questions lose their importance in the ever-shifting changes of human affairs, and that, discarding all narrow ideas, abandoning the consideration of all questions which have been decided or buried by the events which have passed, recognizing the accomplished facts of the future, and appreciating the dangers of the future, it will invite both by words and by deeds, both by resolutions and by nominations, the zealous co-operation of all men who believe that the constitution is a better system of government than martial law, and that reform in the civil service is a higher duty than rewarding prospective partisan effort by distributing spoils.

By this course the party, I should hope, would attain success. If it should once more fail, as an honest, faithful, patriotic minority, it will hold an important position and exert an immense moral power over the majority; and it may well await the inevitable hour which will crown its fidelity and patience with the success which it will have deserved. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Geo. H. PENDLETON.

THE SHOOTING AFFRAY AT THE STATE HOUSE.—We have obtained full particulars of the difficulty which occurred at the State House, Tuesday, between the notable Byas, a negro member of the House, and Mr. B. W. Tomlinson, reporter of the Charleston Daily News. A few minutes before 12 o'clock, the hour the Legislature convenes, and Mr. Tomlinson was passing out of the Senate Chamber in to the lobby, he met Byas, who it seems, had been at the door awaiting him, and on bloody thoughts intent, for some little while. Mr. Tomlinson, unsuspecting of any evil designs, politely greeted Byas, "Good morning," said Byas, in a surly tone, "Are you, sir, the correspondent of the Charleston News?" "I am," replied Mr. Tomlinson. "Did you," fiercely inquired Byas, "write that scurrilous article about my being cowardly the other day?" "Well," said Mr. Tomlinson, "I presume I did; I write all the communications from this place to the News." With that the doughty champion of the ring swore a frightful oath, and, casting aside his overcoat, drew from his person a bran-new green cow-skin switch, and, with a flourish, raised it aloft, and was in the act of striking Mr. Tomlinson, when that gentleman drew his revolver, and Byas ignominiously turned and fled towards the Speaker's room. He turned once just before reaching the door and brandished his cow-skin, and then it was that Mr. Tomlinson fired. The ball struck Byas in the side, inflicting a slight flesh wound. He rushed pell-mell into the Speaker's room, and the door was slammed to, to prevent Mr. Tomlinson from pursuing him. This, however, he had no desire to do, but stood quietly in his tracks till an excited crowd gathered around, he was arrested by Mr. H. W. Hendricks, and assured of his protection.

An eager and angry mass of negroes soon collected in the lobby, and some direful threats of vengeance were made, until it was understood how the shooting occurred, when Mr. Tomlinson's action was conceded to be justifiable, even by the negroes. There was some apprehension of an attempt to lynch Mr. Tomlinson at first, but Mr. Hendricks, who acted in a very commendable manner, succeeded in saving him from the clutches of the mob, and turned him over to Sheriff Frazee. Mr. Tomlinson was released during the day, on a bail bond of \$700.

Byas was in his seat before the House adjourned, and had evidently been worse frightened than hurt. He took a novel mode of retaliating for the cowardice he received from Williams, and succeeded about as he deserved.—Phoenix, 25th ult.

There is never a man so bad, says a celebrated writer, but some woman loves him and has faith in him.

The Convicted Ku Klux.

Yesterday afternoon, says the Charleston News, a band of forty-nine of the so-called Ku Klux prisoners, who were convicted at the late term of the United States Circuit Court, held in Columbia, arrived in the city by the 3.20 train from Columbia. The prisoners were accompanied by a military guard of thirteen privates from the Eighteenth Infantry, under the command of First Lieutenant Potter. They were met at the train by a detachment from the Third Artillery, commanded by Capt. Davis, who were to act as an escort through the streets of Charleston. As soon as they could gather together their blankets, &c., the prisoners were formed between files of the soldiery and took up their march down town. They were all apparently white, but a more forlorn, woe-begone, haggard looking crew could hardly be got together. Many were imperfectly clad, some had gaping shoes, and their persons and clothing seemed to have declared eternal war with such domestic appliances as soap and water. As they entered upon the march, a few curious urchins began to inspect them, and soon the news, caught up from the soldiers, spread like wild-fire that the real live Ku Klux were marching through the city under guard. A crowd of blacks soon gathered along the line of march, and kept following the dreaded Ku Klux with curious eyes and questions. The bayonets of the soldiers, however, warned the dusky throng not to be too pressing in their attentions, and the cortege passed quietly and silently along without interruption. Twenty-four of the prisoners were marched down Meeting and Broad streets, and put on board the steamship Charleston, just about to sail for New York. Thence they are to go to the State prison at Albany, where they will serve out their various terms of imprisonment of one year and upwards. In this lot was an old man of venerable aspect, whose gray hair floated around his shoulders in a manner to claim the pity and reverence of all beholders. He is over sixty years of age, is the head of a large family, and has been visited with one of the heaviest sentences, viz: Five years' imprisonment and \$1,000 fine. His name is John W. Mitchell. These prisoners will be escorted to Albany by Lieutenant Potter and a detachment of the Eighteenth Infantry. Their names and sentences are as follows:

Sherrod Childers, Ezekiah Porter, Wm. Montgomery, Evans Murphy, Robert Hayes Mitchell, Wm. Shearer, Sylvanus Shearer, Hugh H. Shearer, Jas. B. Shearer, Henry Warlick, Miles Carroll, Eli Ross Steward and Josiah Martin, each eighteen months' imprisonment and \$100 fine; Thos. B. Whitesides, twelve months' imprisonment and \$100 fine; John W. Mitchell and Samuel G. Brown, each five years' imprisonment and \$1,000 fine; Stephen D. Splawn, two years' imprisonment and \$50 fine; Charles Tate and John L. Moore, each eighteen months' imprisonment; Tibbon Cantrell, Junius B. Tindall and Alexander Bridges, each one year's imprisonment; Aaron Ezell and Jonas Vassay, each one year's imprisonment and \$10 fine.

The other prisoners, numbering twenty-five men or more, were marched down King street, and turning off at Clifford, were taken to the Charleston jail, where they will remain until they have served out their various sentences of imprisonment for six months and under. Their names and sentences are as follows:

Napoleon Miller, three months' imprisonment and \$20; Wm. Jolly, Wm. Shefflin Blackwell, Thos. J. Pierce, Volney Vassay, Christenbury Tate, Frederick Paris, Wm. I. Burnett, John F. Burnett, Chesterfield Scruggs, each six months' imprisonment; King Edwards, Wm. F. Ramsey, Marion Gardner, John Cantrell, Louis Henderson, Wm. D. Self, Andrew Cudd, James Wall, John C. Wall, C. McClure, Calvin Cook and Dillard, each three months' imprisonment; Monroe Scruggs, six months' imprisonment and \$10 fine; A. P. Clement, three months' imprisonment and \$10 fine.

THE BLUE RIDGE RAILROAD ENTERPRISE.

—We must say that we cannot receive with confidence the assurance given that the Blue Ridge Railroad enterprise is to be prosecuted in good faith, and for one we suggest that the Legislature should scrutinize severely every and any appeal to it for aid. The withdrawal of President Cothran and of Directors Butler, Gary, Palmer and Gulick, and the substitution in their place of Mr. J. J. Patterson as President, and of Messrs. J. M. Allen, G. W. Waterman, Thos. Steers, C. D. Melton and H. G. Worthington, as Directors, are very significant events. The retiring Directors have not deemed it their duty to say what induced their withdrawal, but we can well conceive that there was something unsatisfactory that had developed itself. Did their eyes open upon a doubtful sea that stood out before them, upon which they could not consistently embark? Were schemes suggested that the retiring gentlemen could not and would not brook? We are inclined to think that such may have been the case.

Is it true, as alleged, that the Legislature is to be called upon to assume the debt of the Blue Ridge Railroad Company—amounting to \$600,000—so as to leave unincumbered the three and one-half millions of bonds, guaranteed by the State? Is it true, as alleged, that the sum of \$150,000, more or less, is to be used by President Patterson in bribing the Legislature to do his work?

We sound the alarm to the tax-payers, for there be several Richmonds in the field—as will be seen from the roll of Directors of the Blue Ridge Railroad. President Patterson's career in this State as a railroad manager and manipulator does not inspire us with confidence. We shall keep our eyes wide open. Of one thing we desire to assure the public—we do not intend to fail in our duty as a public journalist. We do not like the Blue Ridge scheme in its present hands. The mountains grow dark before us, and the gloom deepens as we examine the subject.

Let "Honest John," as President Patterson is called, understand that the people of this State are growing desperate. We don't intend to be imposed upon to an indefinite extent.—When the vox populi calls out to us—Ready—take aim—we shall pull the trigger of the rifle of truth and the public safety—fall who may. If there was something wrong in view, that induced the withdrawal of our friends, Messrs. Butler, Gary, Palmer and Gulick, we say, WELL DONE!—South Carolinian.

A young lady was recently sent by express to California from Maryland. The messenger who had her in charge was so pleased with his freight that he offered to carry it back and forth at his own expense.

A man may borrow money, steal from a widow, discount his own whiskey bill, or "nip" a prayer book from a dying heathen, and still have some chance of pardon; but when he swindles a poor printer out of his bill, we think the devil has such a firm grip on the seat of his pantaloons that repentance and forgiveness are utterly out of the question.

A Pleasant Revolutionary Reminiscence.

It was often remarked of General Lafayette, when he was on his tour through the United States, in 1824, he possessed, in a very extraordinary degree, the faculty of recognizing at a glance his old companions in arms, whom he had not seen for more than fifty years. He could call by name as well the privates in the ranks as the highest officers of the line.

The following incident was related to me in the year 1832, by the late Judge Brooke, of the Court of Appeals of this State, who had been a captain in the war of the Revolution.

While Lafayette was in Richmond, a guest of Virginia, an obscure individual living in Pearson county, North Carolina, who was known in the Revolutionary army as Sergeant Hood, who belonged to the company commanded by Captain Brooke, and who, on account of his singular daring and uniform good conduct, was a pet of his officers, visited the capitol for the purpose of greeting his old commanding general.

Judge Brooke said that on walking across the capitol square one morning, he met an old man who inquired of him if he could direct him to the quarters of General Lafayette, adding that he had fought under him when he was a youth, and had come 150 miles to see him. Before the Judge had time to respond, the stranger said to him: "Is not this Captain Brooke to whom I am talking?" On receiving the affirmative answer, he said, "You do not appear to recognize me. I am Sergeant Hood, who belonged to your company during the Revolutionary war." The Judge told me that he was immediately filled with the most pleasant recollections of the Sergeant's many deeds of valor performed under his own inspection, that he gave him a cordial grasp and went with him to Lafayette's room.

On entering, and before a word was spoken by any one else, the Marquis, who was in a remote part of the room, eagerly approached the strange old man, and exclaiming, "Sergeant Hood," fell on his neck and wept tears of joy. He recognized this humble private in an instant, and recounted some of his deeds of daring to the astonished company. That he should have recognized any of his brother officers after a separation of more than half a century, during which they must have undergone the usual change wrought in one's appearance by old age, while his own eyes must have "grown dim," was a matter of no little surprise, but that he should have hailed an humble private in the ranks by name, excited the astonishment of all who were present. The Judge remarked that it was one of the most agreeable and joyful reunions in which he had ever participated.—Correspondence Richmond Whig.

THE COMPTROLLER GENERAL ON THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The annexed communication has been transmitted to the Legislature, and it will be seen that at least one official is in utter ignorance as to the bonded debt of the State. The condition of affairs would appear to be hopeless, when the Comptroller General is kept in darkness as to the true status of our monetary operations:

OFFICE OF COMPTROLLER GENERAL, COLUMBIA, S. C., Jan. 25, 1872.

To the Honorable the Senate and House of Representatives.

GENTLEMEN: I have the honor to submit herewith the reports of the various disbursing officers, together with all information connected with the financial condition of the State, which I have been able to get together.

That the delay of these statements has been very disadvantageous to yourselves, as well as to the public service, every one will admit, and no one can regret more than I do; and I assure you, gentlemen, that I have used every effort in my power to obtain them at an earlier date, and now place them in your possession at the earliest possible moment.

I also regret that the reports are not more satisfactory, and that I am unable, under the present embarrassed condition of our finances, to make some recommendations looking to improvement in the future; but in view of the fact that our finances are managed by the Financial Board, of which I am not a member, and of whose future plans I am not advised, you will, I trust, pardon me for refraining from the expression of my views, and for hoping, perhaps vainly, that their plans for the future will work out our relief as rapidly as those pursued in the past have incurred our State debt.

Without reflecting upon any one, I beg leave to say, that I am both disappointed and surprised at the enormous amount of our funded debt, and venture to make one suggestion; that is, in the future live within your income—the State having lost its credit by extravagant practices, just as a private individual would lose his by the adoption of a similar course. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. L. NEAGLE, Comptroller General.

STRIKING COINCIDENCE.—The Shenandoah (Va.) Herald, in commenting upon the great Chicago fire, is reminded of the following coincidence, which will interest the curious reader:

The 8th day of October is twice memorable in the history of the United States. On the 8th day of October, 1864, the fair Valley of the Shenandoah was laid waste by Sheridan and his hosts. Our houses, our barns, our mills, and even our sanctuaries, dedicated to God, became a prey to the relentless fire-fend. Fifty miles, burning houses and barns lit up our Valley, and upon every hand the cries of our frightened women and children fell upon the ears of the relentless demons. Seven years have rolled round. The anniversary of that awful day is marked by burning homes and wide-spread desolation. Chicago, the beautiful city of the West, has fallen a victim to the flames. Michigan, the home of those who obeyed the inhuman orders of Sheridan, the fire-fend of Shenandoah, is desolated by the far reaching tongues of an irresistible fire. Thousands have perished in the flames. As if to make the coincidence perfect, Sheridan figures in both. "The mills of the gods grind slowly but fine."

Grace Greenwood says if she had the framing of the law only such women would be allowed to vote as had sewing machines and knew how to use them; no woman would vote who could not make a loaf of bread, a pudding, sew on a button, wash dishes, and on a pinch keep a boarding house and support a husband decently.

A Sunday school teacher "out West," upon inquiring of one of his juvenile pupils what he had learned during the week, was electrified by the answer that he had "learned not to trump his partner's ace."

A druggist has a tonic which he says will give its taker an appetite that will enable him to swallow an elephant. We will never swallow any of the tonic, because elephants are scarce hereabouts, and we could not afford to buy one every week or two.

A Dutch justice gives the following oath to witnesses: "You do awfully swear you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, the best what you can't."

A LUCKY NORTH CAROLINIAN.—The Greenville Enterprise says: The gentleman alluded to in the following article, is a brother of our friend, Mr. James H. Haynes, who has recently removed to the city of Greenville, and is now residing in our midst. Before he grows much older, we hope he will meet with as good luck as his adventurous brother. It is copied from a North Carolina paper:

Capt. A. S. Haynes, a true and gallant Confederate soldier, of Lincoln County, having been unfortunate in business, determined to seek his fortune in Colorado. He went out there hoping to establish a cattle Rancho.—Not being able to succeed in this, he went to cutting cross-ties and made at it, some \$4 per day, for a month. He then entered with four others into the Pioneer Stamp Mill and worked all summer. At the end of that time, his party was \$386 in debt. Not discouraged by the result and determined not to return without effecting something, they began prospecting for silver, and the first day found enough to put them out of debt and leave each of them a surplus of \$25. They discovered two mines of Black Sulphur of Silver, which they named the "Tar Heels" and the "Haynes."

The Captain has now an interest in twelve claims, with the title deeds properly entered and recorded. The most inferior of these gives an assay of \$38 per ton; and the best, an assay of \$3,200 per ton. In the mine, the easiest worked, one hand can get out half a ton per day, worth \$600 per ton. He has taken in five partners, all of them large capitalists. The miners are now snowed under and no work can be done till next June. These are situated in the neighborhood of a town called Montemore, in Parke County, Colorado. The highest lodes in the world are there. One of the houses of the company is 13,500 feet above the level of the Ocean. It is in the vicinity of Mount Lincoln.

All men cannot have the same good luck as the indomitable Captain; but that good luck never would have happened to one lacking pluck, energy and perseverance. The resolute will of the Captain triumphed over difficulties that would have discouraged most men.

THE RICHELIEU OF AMERICA.—Geo. Alfred Townsend writes to the Chicago Tribune of Gov. Warmoth, of Louisiana, who is becoming somewhat famous just now, as follows:

From all that can be understood, Warmoth is the most extraordinary and precocious leader in the South. He is represented to be six feet three inches high, of a slender, wiry build, but with a fine Kentucky-looking face, large nose, full at the nostrils, keen, measuring eyes, a superb moustache, and well-cut brows and chin. He is a native of Louisiana, began public life when eighteen years of age, being then a fluent stump-speaker, and now, at twenty-eight, he is an arrogant, keen-witted and successful man, worth probably half a million of dollars, of which he has accumulated more than one hundred thousand in the practice of law in New Orleans. He is unmarried—is much scandalized on the marriage point, however; makes his own game, and is thoroughly skeptical about men, having a pretty rough school of it in Louisiana, where nearly all the politicians—Rebel, negro and Northern—are insincere, hollow wretches, who would turn their backs upon him, or Grant, or anybody, to-morrow, if they supposed his power was growing less. Warmoth's weaknesses are his rashness, boyishness and implacability. He spends a short time, in every case of difficulty, to effect a compromise; and, this failing, he resolves into an enemy, and is henceforward unapacifiable. Glutted with power at an age when men generally are still pouring over school books or learning some vocation, this extraordinary specimen of American opportunism in time of political chaos has already had an epic career, and lives in much a lonely life—the loss of youth poorly compensated for by premature dominion. His courage, mental and physical, has been fully tested. He will run again, and will doubtless be elected Governor of the State. The impeachment project has already blown over. He has attached Longstreet to himself, and Longstreet is, therefore, in peril with the Executive. Mr. Casey, with his thousand men and no brains, routed at all points, seeks refuge in the bosom of Rebel society, and discusses the prowess and ability of his Presidential brother-in-law, while the Southern exquisites laugh in their sleeves. Casey is a tall, plausible, verdant brother-in-law, of the Dent order, who never kept a secret for himself or any body else.

DIDN'T KNOW ADAM.—As Artemus Ward was once traveling in the cars, dreaming to be bored, and feeling miserable, a man approached him, sat down and said:

"Did you hear the last thing on Horace Greeley?"

"Greeley? Greeley? I said Artemus, 'Horace Greeley? Who is he?'"

The man was quiet about five minutes.—Pretty soon he said:

"George Francis Train is kicking up a good deal of a row over in England; do you think they will put him in a bastille?"

"Train, Train, George Francis Train?" said Artemus, slowly. "I never heard of him."

This ignorance kept the man quiet for fifteen minutes; then he said:

"What do you think about Gen. Grant's chances for the Presidency? Do you think they will run him?"

"Grant, Grant! hang it man," said Artemus, "you appear to know more strangers than any man I ever saw."

The man was furious; he walked up the car, but at last came back and said:

"You confound ignoramus; did you ever hear of Adam?"

Artemus looked up and said: "What was his other name?"

A SMALL POX REMEDY.—The following is said to be a certain cure for small pox. One man speaking of it says:

"It is as unfailing as fate, and conquers in every instance. It is harmless when taken by a well person. It will also cure scarlet fever. Here is the receipt as I have used it, and cured my children of the scarlet fever; here it is as I have used it to cure small pox; when learned physicians said the patient must die, it cured: Sulphate of zinc, one grain; foxglove, (digitalis) one grain; half a tea spoonful of sugar; mix with two table spoonfuls of water. When thoroughly mixed, add four ounces of water. Take a spoonful every hour. Either disease will disappear in twelve hours. For a child, smaller dose, according to age. If Counties would compel their physicians to use this, there would be no need of pest houses. If you value advice and experience, use this for that terrible disease."

It is said that the uncle of George Francis Train has made oath that George is a lunatic, and asked to be appointed over him. If that uncle were to swear that George is not a lunatic, there would be a stain of perjury upon his soul which we would hate very much to have to wash out until there is a very heavy decline in the price of soap.